

## Mindwipe Island

### Chapter 1: Introductions

One by one, the ten women in the room began to awaken from their slumber. Each of them was secured in a chair, their wrists and ankles tightly bound under thick metal cuffs. As each woke, the alarm in the room grew louder... All each of them could see was the row of girls to each side of them, and a large television screen on the far side of the room.

Several of the women desperately pulled at their bindings. Trying to squeeze their hands through the small gap in the stainless steel cuffs to no avail. Not until the last one awoke did the television screen flicker to life.

Quiet filled the room as a shadowy figure appeared on the screen... "Welcome, ladies." the person said, their voice distorted by some kind of filter, making it impossible to tell if the original was male or female. "I know your situation is presently uncomfortable, and I do apologize in advance for that."

"Fuck you, let us go!" one of the women shouted, though the figure on the screen seemed not to react.

"You are not here against your will." He said in a slow, calm voice "And you may leave if you desire. We ask only that you hear us out."

The same woman from before yelled again "Fuck that, if I can go let me go now!"

The figure on the screen again seemed not to have any reaction. It was unclear if they could even hear her or if they were ignoring her deliberately.

"We have a little game we would like to play. Harmless. A little... Mystery." The man explained. "The prize is a million dollars to be split among all of you."

Even the woman who had been screaming objections seemed to fall silent at that.

"While you were each under, we implanted a series of suggestions into you all." The figure explained. "These are strictly necessary for the game to commence on a fair level playing field."

The woman from before seemed to become agitated again at that. "I didn't give you permission to fuck with my head!" She screamed, along with quite a few other choice expletives...

Undeterred the figure continued. "We will elaborate on the exact rules after you have made your decision. There are two buttons, one under each of your hands. They will activate in a moment."

"Your left hand is rejection. Press it, and your bindings will be undone. You will be able to exit the room to your left and we will remove all the suggestions implanted into you."

"Your right hand is acceptance. Press it and you will be a part of this game. You will need to solve the mystery in order to win your share of one million dollars. Fail and your mind and free will are forfeit to the winner. Your life will no longer be yours to control."

The figure's tone shifted, growing both sinister and serious. "I must impress the seriousness of this. You are under no obligation to accept, but if you do... You cannot exit the game until it is complete."

"This is bullshit!" the woman from before yelled again. "How do we know you won't fuck us all over at the end anyway??"

For once, the figure in the video reacted. Turning towards the spot in the room where the voice had come from. "If we wished to enslave you all, you would have awoken as slaves. We are offering a challenge, not an ultimatum. Make your choice now."

A warmth would begin to radiate under each of the women's hands as the buttons lit up. Several moments passed before the figure spoke again. "Very good. Four of you have chosen not to participate. Please exit the room. You will be returned to where you were when we found you with two hundred dollars as an inconvenience compensation."

Four of the women slowly stood up from their chairs. Uncertainty on their faces as they slowly shuffled towards the door. As soon as the door closed behind the last of them, the figure turned its attention to the remaining six women.

"I will explain the rules now. First, no violence. You have all been implanted with a trigger that will activate and prevent you from intentionally causing physical harm to any other person. Should you violate this rule and activate the trigger, you will be considered to have lost the game."

"Second," The figure continued "As you pressed the button, one of you felt a small zap. That was a trigger. Whichever of you felt it now knows every trigger that has been implanted in each of you. You will be playing the role of villain for our game."

"You already understand all of the rules you must follow. For the benefit of the rest of you, however, the villain can use any triggers, suggestions, or personal skills they happen to possess to enslave you all."

"Each morning, we will have an announcement to let you know who has been enslaved. Your job each morning will be to use any clues and information you can gather to figure out which of you is the Villain. If you win, you will all be deprogrammed and split the prize money. If the villain wins, she may keep as many of you as she wishes, up to and including all of you. Good luck."

As the figure spoke those last words, the screen flicked off and the cuffs around each of the women's wrists and ankles came loose. Uncertainly, they each slowly stood from their seats, looking around at each other.

"So..." One of them spoke, a woman with shoulder length brown hair and blue eyes, slightly obscured by a pair of large round glasses. "I guess we should do introductions...?"

"No need." Another replied, a woman short red hair and light brown eyes. She was near one of the walls and looked across the rest of the group with a scowl. "Anything we know about each other is just noise. Any of us could be the villain regardless of who we were before. We should just stick together and make it impossible for the villain to win."

“I don’t think that’s really an option...” The first woman spoke again. “If we sit and do nothing we’re just... Wasting time. Until the villain does something, we won’t have any way to prove who it is.”

“But I don’t want to get enslaved!” A new woman spoke up, she had long blonde hair and green eyes, as well as a narrow frame. “We can’t just let the villain do whatever she wants to us!”

“We’re in this to win it.” The redhead replied sharply, “You had your chance to chicken out. Now we have to solve this thing.”

“So... About the introductions?” The brown haired woman asked again.

“Fine. I’ll start.” The redhead replied. “My name is Amber. I’m a small business owner. I’m here to win, and the rest of you better not drag me down with you.”

“Oh... What does your business do?” The brown haired woman asked, genuine curiosity in her voice.

“Irrelevant.” Amber replied, “Lets keep the noise to a minimum.”

“She’s dodging the question” The blonde woman shrieked. “She’s hiding something!”

Amber shook her head in exasperation, putting one hand on her forehead and pausing before replying. “There’s nothing to hide. Nothing about our personal lives has anything to do with who randomly got assigned to be the villain. If you really need to know... I own a record store.”

“Okay...” The brown haired woman replied. “Well... My turn then. My name is Sally. I’m a librarian and I like to help with kids education. I-”

Amber scoffed, interrupting Sally’s introduction. “Seriously? Come on, what’s your real story.”

Sally blushed, stammering for a few moments before managing to squeak out a simple “W-What...?”

“Why on earth would you agree to participate in this? You know what will happen if you lose right?”

Sally’s blush deepened as she looked away. With a weak voice she slowly replied “I... Its just... A million dollars is a lot... I couldn’t say no...”

Amber rolled her eyes, “I hope you’re not going to be teaching MY kids. You’re not getting a million, you’re getting one share of a million. That’s... what? A hundred and fifty thousand each?”

Sally’s eyes remained averted as she replied “A hundred and sixty six thousand... And... Y-Yeah... The money would still... Be nice...”

Everyone turned to the blonde next. She looked back and forth between the others for a moment before speaking. “Well... M-My name is Jill... And... This is a bit awkward but I’m a news anchor... Some of you might actually know me already...”

“Never heard of you.” Amber said tersely.

“S-Sorry, me neither...” Sally agreed.

“Oh.” Jill replied, her confidence dropping further as she realized none of the women there recognized her. “Never mind then... I... Guess that’s all...”

Next came another redhead. This one with her hair pulled up into a tight bun, though her massive breasts seemed to be her main feature. Her expression seemed no less stern than Amber’s. After stepping forward she spoke. “I’m an instructor at the local college.” she said with confidence. “I teach math so if any of you have difficulty with logic, I may be able to give you some tutoring so we can win this.”

“But what’s your name?” Jill asked.

“Oh, right. My name is Janis.” She responded, “I suppose I won’t force you all to call me professor. For now.”

A woman with long blue hair pulled back into a ponytail stepped forward next. “I am Fire Chief Susan.” She said with an authoritative tone in her voice. “I have certification to provide first aid if necessary. I just want to say, whoever the villain is, target me last. We don’t know what may happen and I should be in my right mind to render assistance if necessary.”

An audible growl could be heard from the corner of the room Amber was standing in. Fuming, she snapped at Susan as soon as the others turned to look at her. “Don’t you fucking beg for exceptions here. You’re in it just like the rest of us, no special treatment!”

Finally there was one left. Shyly, the woman with short brown hair and brown eyes spoke up. “Hello there, everyone... My name is Kathryn. I’m a housekeeper at the local college... I’ll try to stay out of your way...”

Amber stomped her foot at that. “Goddamn not another one! What. Is. Your. Deal?!?”

Kathryn stumbled back, falling back onto the chair she had previously been strapped to. “Ah! I-I’m sorry!”

Amber stormed up to her, leaning over her. “Why did little miss ‘I’ll stay out of everyone’s way’ decide to join this game? Huh???”

Kathryn whimpered weakly as she looked up at the woman looming over her. “I-I’m sorry... Its just... So much money... Its... Several years of pay...”

“So it’s all about the money.” Amber said sarcastically. “Well I don’t think you deserve a cut at all if all you’re gonna do is stay out of our way!”

“I-I’m sorry!” Kathryn said again, her voice shrill and frightened.

As these events played out on the screen of a large television sprawling across an entire wall of the bedroom, a woman with green curly hair turned away from the screen, looking over to the obscured figure laying on a bed, sandwiched between two other naked women cuddling close together.

The green haired woman gave a knowing smile before speaking. “I suppose this will be an interesting way to shake things up. After all... Ruling the world can get dull after a few decades if you don’t try something new now and again... Am I right?”

## Chapter 2: The First Victim

Janis awoke on a large soft bed in a large well furnished bedroom. There was an ornate desk at her bedside and a closet stocked with clothing... All in her exact size... Had they been stalking her so long? Or were they actually able to fill an entire wardrobe in however short a time she was unconscious before?

She rummaged through the closet, finding a professional looking blouse and putting it on before looking around the room again. The carpet was high quality. Very soft, yet not loose enough to tangle your toes in. There were large windows in the room, covered by thin silk drapes, the sunlight shone down on the bed through them, acting as a sort of gentle wake-up alarm.

She never would have expected this challenge to be so... Luxurious... Did everyone have a room this nice? She had to expect so... There was no reason to give her special treatment. Or at least... Not as far as she knew.

Slipping on her shoes, she opened the door to her bedroom, and stepped out into the light of day. Her bedroom was part of a long string of standalone bedrooms on the island resort they found themselves on. Aside from the threat of becoming slaves, this place was an unexpected paradise. She mused to herself momentarily that it might not even be so bad to become a slave if she could live like this...

She shook her head. That was a bad thought... She wasn't anyone's slave and she would never be! She was going to win this thing and take home that prize money!

Janis left the housing section and followed the smooth stone pavement along the outside edge to what appeared to be an outdoor kitchen. Susan was standing behind the grill, focused on some tropical fruits she was grilling for breakfast.

"You're the last one up." Susan remarked, "By a while, actually. I thought you were an instructor? Don't you wake up early for classes?"

Janis shook her head. "College kids don't like to wake up early. Most of my classes are in the evening."

"Well, grab a plate." Susan said, gesturing to a few plates of grilled fruit laying next to the grill.

"Don't you have any meat?" Janis asked, looking over her options in disappointment.

"Sorry." Susan replied with a shrug, "I'm not used to this grill yet so I figured I'd play it safe for now. I don't want any under cooked meat, but it's no good if it's overcooked either."

Reluctantly, Janis took one of the plates, looking over the fruit slices on it. It didn't look bad, of course. It smelled delicious... But... Would it have really hurt to have a little bacon with it? You can't overcook bacon... It just becomes crispier bacon!

She walked down the row of picnic tables lined up in front of the grill. Amber seemed to be alone, stewing angrily over something. Probably trying to figure out the mystery before it even started... Or maybe she was plotting her first move?

Either way... She felt like she should give the woman some space. At another table, Jill and Kathryn were engrossed in their conversation. What did those two have in common? A news anchor and a custodian? Yet... They both seemed invested in their conversation... Maybe too invested...

No... She was letting herself get paranoid. Maybe they had something in common outside of their jobs. Still, she felt it was better not to interrupt. That left only one person to speak with... She approached the table Sally was sitting at and sat down across from her.

“So...” Janis said as she sat down. “We are both educators then.”

Sally looked up from her fruit timidly, nodding as she spoke. “Y-Yes, in a way. I... Mostly just handle the books and do a little tutoring...”

“Uh huh...” Janis said, poking at her fruits passively. “Where do you work?”

“The local college.” she said softly.

Janis raised an eyebrow. “The college? Then we work at the same place?”

Sally froze. Her eyes widened as she seemed to be struggling to process that information. “I... I guess so? If we’re from the same city...”

Right... There was no reason they all had to be from the same place. They could be from anywhere.

“What city are you-” Sally began, but Janis held her hand up to cut her off.

“Sorry. I can’t do this.” She said, standing up. “Excuse me.”

Janis walked back towards the grill where Susan was cleaning up. As soon as she was close enough, she spoke. “You know what? Do you HAVE bacon back there? I don’t care if I have to grill it myself this breakfast NEEDS some meat!”

Susan shrugged. “I didn’t find any bacon, sorry. There is some breakfast sausage if you really need some kind of meat.”

“Yes. I need it!” Janis insisted. “Fruit slices aren’t going to get me through the morning!”

“Here you go then.” Susan said, placing down a package of sausages next to the grill. “You can cook them yourself. I haven’t had a chance to eat yet.”

Susan grabbed one of the remaining few plates of fruit and walked towards the picnic tables, leaving Janis alone behind the grill. It still had the heat of the coals glowing... This shouldn’t be too hard.

She opened the package, and rolled a couple sausages out onto the grill before wrapping the rest back up in their packaging and turning to put them away in the fridge. She didn’t know exactly where Susan got them from but after a moment of searching she found a convenient spot to slide them in.

She closed the fridge and turned back around to face the grill, only to see Jill and Kathryn now standing on the other side of the grill.

“That smells good.” Jill said with a smile, “I thought our breakfast was missing something.”

“Do... You think we could have some too?” Kathryn asked “I would really appreciate it, if it’s not too much trouble...”

Janis stifled a groan. Cooking for two more people was not what she had in mind... But it wouldn’t take that much longer... Nodding, she turned back towards the fridge and dug the sausages back out... Only to find the bacon sitting right under where she had put the sausage.

Irritation bubbled up inside of her. Had Susan even looked, or did she just grab the first meat she happened to see? She was starting to suspect that woman was a vegan or something! Hastily, she looked over the packaging on the sausages... It looked like it was labeled as real meat...

“Is everything okay?” Kathryn’s voice called out from behind her.

There was no point in complaining about this now... Janis turned back from the fridge and hastily unwrapped the sausages again, throwing a few more down on the grill before wrapping it back up and tossing it into the fridge.

“Finally...” Jill said, sounding oddly exasperated. “I argued with Susan for ages over this earlier. She insisted she didn’t want to give us food poisoning but fruit alone just isn’t enough.”

“I really don’t like to argue...” Kathryn said softly “But... I was very disappointed as well... But... She did cook for us so...”

“Well, she had that whole thing about first aid earlier too.” Janis said, turning the sausages over slowly as she watched them brown. “Maybe she’s paranoid about health or something.”

“Maybe.” Jill said, her gaze lingering directly on the sausages. “I can’t wait to get my lips around one of those sausages though.”

Kathryn blushed at that, averting her eyes and putting her hands to her face. “Th-That’s terrible phrasing!”

Janis stabbed one of the links with a fork, checking for doneness before lifting it up and sticking one end into her mouth. She spoke around the link as she held it between her teeth. “Well I’m cooking so I get mine first.”

Continuing to hold the link in her mouth, she divided the remaining links between the three of them before walking back towards the tables.

She stopped momentarily at Amber’s table, looking down at her and again speaking around the link in her mouth. “You want one?”

Amber glared up at her in response. “You can suck that sausage yourself.”

Janis didn’t bother arguing. She returned to her seat across from Sally.



“Um... Welcome back...” She said timidly “Did... You get what you needed?”

Janis nodded, playfully sliding the sausage back and forth between her lips, enjoying the fruits of her work... Brief as that work really was.

“Are you... Going to actually eat it... Or...?” Sally said, a blush forming on her face as she watched Janis fellate the sausage in front of her.

“Oh.” Janis said, realizing just how awkward she was making things. “Sorry, the other girls... Never mind.” She really couldn’t explain the entire joke at this point. It wouldn’t make things any better if this girl was really that shy...

Janis took a full bite out of the sausage. The juices rolling over her tongue as the flavor of the meat filled her mouth. This was what her morning had been missing all along... She proceeded to finish the rest of the sausage in a few more bites before turning her attention down to the plate in front of her.

She started the plate with the slice of grilled mango. It was... Surprisingly good. It was a sweet fruit already, but the grill had caramelized some of the fruit along the char lines... She wanted to savor every bite... But it was gone before she knew it.

She made her way through all the fruits on the plate... One slice at a time disappearing as she worked her way from one end of the plate to the other. Once they were all gone, she was even tempted to lift the plate and lick the juices clean before the sound of Sally’s voice cut in.

“...Okay? You’re... Kind of scaring me.” Sally had a concerned expression on her face, her eyes darted around as though she was about to call the others over any moment...

Janis straightened up. She had let herself eat a little fast, perhaps... But it certainly wasn’t anything to get that worked up about.

“Of course I’m okay!” she insisted, “I was just eating.”

“D-Do you always... Eat like that...?” Sally said, averting her eyes. “I-It was like you were-”

Janis let out a loud sigh. She couldn’t believe this girl. She was too shy for her own good, and she...

She blinked. It might have been her imagination but for a moment she thought she saw a thin slice of mango between Sally’s lips...

“Are you okay?” Sally asked again, looking more worried than ever. “I can get Susan if you’re not feeling well. Maybe she ca-”

Frustration welled up inside of Janis. She didn’t even want to hear Susan’s name! It was her fault her breakfast was delayed. Her and her... Anti-meat obsession! Before Sally had a chance to call anyone over, Janis grabbed the front of her shirt, and pulled her over the top of the picnic table and into a deep kiss.”

The shy woman of course struggled at first, but after a few brief moments, Janis could feel her relenting. Their tongues mingling as she enjoyed the flavor of their sweet saliva mixing together... Something about this felt so... Right. So... Satisfying...

Eventually, Janis broke the kiss, and locked eyes with Sally. The brown haired woman's glasses had tilted to one side during the kiss and she was left utterly speechless. "My room. Now." Janis whispered in a tone that seemed somewhere between commanding and desperate and Sally simply nodded.

The two stood from their table. Janis leading Sally by the hand as she marched towards her room with purpose. She could feel the other women staring at them... But she didn't care at this point. If Sally had done something to her somehow... They all saw it and they would solve the mystery without her. She would still get her cut of the money for this...

If not... She could still at least check one person off the list of suspects. She opened the door to the bedroom and pulled Sally inside, not giving her the chance to back down now. She pinned the girl to the wall right next to the door with another kiss, and held it as she pulled at her own blouse, ripping the buttons loose and allowing her massive breasts to spill free.

Yet... It just wasn't good enough... Janis hungered for more... But that damn shy girl wasn't making any moves of her own! She broke off the kiss once more and looked Sally up and down. Her face was beat red, but she made no attempt to avert her eyes or escape. She seemed like a deer in headlights, caught and unable to move of her own will.

Finally, an idea came to her. She pulled Sally towards the bed, tossing her onto it before pulling her jeans down and exposing her pussy.

"Th-This is a little fast... Isn't it?" Sally objected weakly, unable... Or unwilling to put up any real resistance.

"Shut up." Janis responded, climbing between her legs as the aroma of her folds filled her nose. It wasn't a sausage... But it was meat.

She plunged her tongue into Sally's folds, probing her depths in between long lapping strokes. At first, Sally tried to put up a half hearted objection to it, but it wasn't long at all before those objections were silenced. Even less before all she could do was gasp and moan as Janis explored every fold of her pussy.

The rest of their day was a blur. She lost count of how many times she made that librarian cum, but by noon she had given up on trying to object completely. She had even managed to get Sally to eat her out in return once... Though it was hardly satisfying.

By the evening, she had cum three times, and Sally... Dozens, at least. The two of them cuddled in the bed as the light from the window slowly faded.

"I suppose I should let you get to bed." Janis said softly, looking down at the woman in her arms. "I think you've learned your lesson by now."

Sally nodded. "I-I have... I... I was being too shy..."

Her tone was passive, lacking any real conviction. Though, Janis supposed that was the best she was going to get for now. At the very least, she wouldn't be able to justify being shy around her anymore after all this.

Slowly, Sally stood from the bed, and pulled her jeans back on. Her face had a permanent blush on it now. Janis hadn't seen the blush go away almost since they first entered the room together, and she made sure not to let it fade during their stay.

Weakly, Sally stumbled towards the door and out of the room. Her legs bowed from the day of pleasure she had endured. She might have also been somewhat dehydrated at this point... But that was her problem now. She could get something to drink when she got back to her own room.

She watched Sally slowly leave the door and close it behind her, then leaned back in her bed. If every day of this mystery event was this fun... She wasn't able to finish that thought before sleep took her...

The next morning, she awoke to the sound a loudspeaker.

"Good morning everyone." The voice said, in a still distorted voice that made it difficult to tell what tone it was speaking in. "We would just like to give you a quick update."

Janis rubbed her eyes, and looked around. Her room seemed slightly different than she remembered leaving it. The curtains seemed to be a different color, and... The closet was open and full of... Sweaters?

"G'morning..." A voice next to her spoke. Janis looked down to see Sally curled up next to her.

The voice on the loud speaker spoke again. "The villain struck yesterday, and one of you have lost."

Sally sat up slowly as a mix of worry and realization crossed her face. "Oh no... Oh no no I can't be..." she said to herself softly.

"You will all need to report to the meeting room to discuss the fate of your fellow investigator and first victim... Janis."

"WHAT?!" Sally shouted, jumping in place and frantically looking around before locking eyes with Janis. In return, Janis stared down at Sally, feeling nothing but bewilderment.

"B-But you don't... Seem enslaved...?" Sally said weakly. "I... I thought I was..."

Janis shook her head slowly. "I don't... Feel enslaved either... What's going on...?"

### Chapter 3: The first Trial

Janis and Sally dressed in almost dead silence. Janis only had the clothes she wore the night before... but Sally had a fresh wardrobe available to her. She felt jealous for a moment that Sally had access to a full selection of clean clothing... Before realizing that if anything she should be jealous that Sally wasn't the victim.

How had this happened? If anything, Sally was right. She really should have been the victim. She pressed forward every step of the way breaking the shy woman's barriers and making her submit just the way she'd done with more than a few trouble students in the past...

Though of course... Janis was not the villain either. Had she really fallen into Sally's trap? Was the whole shy girl thing just a facade to get her to do all that yesterday? Though still... Sally never took control. Not once...

Once dressed, the two of them slowly emerged from Sally's room, walking the path towards the meeting room. Janis could feel the others staring at her. Undoubtedly they were wondering the same kinds of questions she was. They probably suspected Sally even more than she did. Was she putting Sally in danger? What happens if she is found guilty but they're wrong?

They filed into the meeting room one by one, where they found a semi-circle of podiums situated around a large screen in the center of the room. Each podium had a picture of the girl who should be standing at it... Though Janis's podium was... Different.

Her picture looked to be a dumb spaced out expression. One which she had no memory of taking. Had they taken this picture while they were all unconscious for the trip here? She seemed awake... Just... Entranced?

As the last of them reached their podium the screen flickered to life, revealing the strange figure once more. "Welcome everyone. Today we will be discussing the fate of-"

Janis couldn't take it anymore. "I'M NOT ENSLAVED!" she shouted. "I don't know what's going on but you can SEE I'm completely fine!"

The figure let out a short chuckle... Or was it a giggle? They spoke again. "Your mind is currently yours, yes." The voice spoke, "However, last night the villain claimed you."

"Then why don't I remember it?" Janis shouted, frustration bubbling in her voice.

"The mystery would be too easy if you could remember it." The figure replied "The villain is able to erase their victim's memories, or obscure their identity at a whim. They may even implant false memories."

"So..." Sally said slowly "We can't trust the victims?"

"Not exactly..." The figure replied. "The victims will have their right minds during the trial. But they will act upon any instructions they were given by the villain while they were under the villain's control the day before."

“What do you mean by... During the trial...?” Janis said, dreading what she somehow already knew the answer would be...

“When the trial concludes...” The figure said slowly “If the villain is not unmasked you will become a slave once more, and will be removed from the game until the conclusion.”

“Removed from the game?” Susan asked, “Is there a reason she won’t remain among us?”

“That would make it too easy for the villain.” The figure explained. “If slaves remained in the game, they could be used as proxies to activate triggers, and be instructed to vote with the villain’s interests. This keeps things... More interesting.”

So that was it. She had to find out who enslaved her today or... She might never have another free thought again...

Amber scoffed, “Too easy for the villain? You made it too easy for us! OBVIOUSLY Sally is the villain.”

“I-I am not!” Sally squeaked “I was just as surprised as the rest of you!”

“She doesn’t seem the villainous sort...” Susan said, a pondering tone in her voice. “Then again, she may be compelled to play her role regardless of how she feels about it.”

“B-But I didn’t...” Sally stammered, unable to defend herself.

“Hold on a minute!” Janis shouted over the others. “I was with her all day, and she never tried anything on me!”

Amber slammed her hand down on the podium in response, determined to be louder. “EXACTLY! You barely interacted with any of the rest of us! She’s the only one who had the chance to do it!”

“I interacted enough. Any one of you could have used a trigger word on me!” Janis replied with an accusatory tone in her voice.

Jill spoke up next, a concerned tone in her voice. “You’re defending Sally rather fervently. Isn’t that suspicious though?”

“I’m defending her because MY brain is on the line!” Janis snapped back. “If you all guess wrong, you’ll just mark Sally off as confirmed innocent and move on, but I’ll become a SLAVE! We can’t just go with the easy answer and not think this through!”

“Fine...” Susan said, exasperated. “We can at least consider the other options.”

“Obviously I’m not one of those.” Amber said sharply. “The only thing I said to you all day was tell you to fuck off.”

“I mean... Technically that is exactly what she did...” Kathryn said meekly. “And Jill kind of said that thing about putting lips around sausage that was... Kind of lewd...”

“Janis did kind of... Um... Suck on that sausage for a while before she started eating...” Sally said, almost perfectly matching Kathryn’s timid tone.

Janis scoffed. “I was just joking.” She said, folding her arms “Everyone else was talking about the sausage suggestively too. Besides, SUSAN lied about not having bacon!”

“What does that have to do with ANYTHING?” Susan snapped, “I didn’t even make your sausage in the first place! All I made was the grilled fruit platter!”

“This is all a waste of time.” Amber growled. “We each said, what, one or two things to you? But Sally spent all day fucking you! Its obvious who the most likely suspect is!”

“But isn’t it too obvious?” Janis objected “If she was the villain, why would she take me when she knew every one of you saw me going with her?”

“Maybe she felt compelled to do it.” Kathryn suggested “Maybe its part of the villain’s programming.”

“Hey! Shadowy figure person!” Janis yelled at the blank screen “Can you answer a question about the rules??”

The screen flicked back on, the figure looming over them all as it spoke. “I heard the question. While the programming does make the villain have to play their role. It does not force the villain to make poor decisions.”

The screen went blank again. That was the best they were going to get on that question... Still... It left the possibility open that Sally had acted out of impulse.

“So here’s how I see it.” Amber said finally. “Any one of us could have given Janis a trigger, but there is no way to know who. But we do know that she spent all day with Sally and no one else would have had a chance to get at her with Sally right there.”

Jill nodded “That makes sense to me. If we vote for anyone else, we are taking a blind shot, and leaving our most likely candidate free to potentially strike again.”

“B-But it’s... Not her. I know it’s not her...” Janis stammered. She looked around the room, but no one seemed to be taking her plea seriously.

“I’ve made up my mind.” Amber said firmly.

Soon, the rest were all nodding along, aside from Sally who was looking worriedly over to Janis.

Amber looked up to the screen. “We’re ready to announce our decision.”

Once more the screen flicked on. The figure loomed over them, seeming more imposing now than ever before.

“Good.” The figure said calmly. “Now look at your podiums. There will be a button for every one of you. Press the button for who you think it is, and the majority vote will be formally accused.”

Janis looked down at the buttons. It didn't matter who she picked. The rest of them were going to choose Sally regardless. Still... She had to choose someone. She didn't have any hard feelings towards Jill or Kathryn. But Amber and Susan... They both pissed her off. Amber for being so rude... Susan for running her breakfast late...

Ultimately... She decided Susan pissed her off slightly more, so she pressed that button. A few moments later the voice from the television screen spoke.

“With four votes, you have accused Sally of being the villain. She is...”

Janis's heart dropped as she listened. It was the moment of truth... and... Very likely... The last moment she would ever have...

“Innocent!”

Janis's legs felt weak. Her head spun. She was right... Sally wasn't the villain... And yet... That means... She slowly slid down to her knees. She could feel everyone looking at her but... She simply didn't have the strength to stand anymore...

Her thoughts were so conflicted. She was happy... In a way. Happy that she was right about it not being Sally... There was a level of vindication in what she felt... But at the same time... If Sally wasn't the villain that meant... She was now... A slave...

Janis bowed her head and let out a slow sigh. She could feel all the conflicting thoughts in her mind roiling up and then... Draining... Draining away into nothing... Until... Not a single thought remained in her head.

The other girls slowly shuffled out of the room. An air of defeatism hanging over them as they did. Not that Janis could appreciate such a sentiment anymore. Sally stopped next to her on her way out, looking down at the empty headed slave that had only the night before thoroughly dominated her...

“I-I'm sorry...” She said softly “M-Maybe if I was... Bolder... I could have convinced them...”

She reached a hand out slowly, wanting to comfort Janis somehow, but couldn't bring herself to make contact. A few moments later she turned away, walking towards the exit where the other girls had gathered.

One of them was the villain... One of them did this to Janis... And now that she had been proven innocent... She was the prime candidate to be the villain's next victim...

## Chapter 4: The second victim

Sally was in a half daze as she left the meeting room. She barely knew Janis but... After yesterday... She felt more attached than she had ever felt to anyone. Thoughts of the day floated through her mind... More orgasms than she could count... Janis's commanding tone... She could only imagine what a good instructor she was in math... She was certainly a good instructor in bed...

Sally's thoughts were interrupted only by the sound of two voices bitterly arguing. She looked up to see Amber and Susan both standing at the grill, staring each other down.

"I've had it with your vegan nonsense!" Amber hissed, leaning close to Susan "One meal, I could ignore but all three yesterday? If you won't make us some proper food, I'll do it myself!"

"I'm not vegan!" Susan snapped back "I just don't want to make anyone sick!"

"If you're too afraid to cook, get out of the kitchen!"

"I'm not afraid!" Susan replied, stepping back defensively "I'm just learning how this new grill works. Mine is much smaller and I don't want any accidents!"

"It's not that hard. A grill's a grill." Amber said dismissively, "I'LL make lunch."

"No. You won't." Susan growled "I'm the fire chief, I'll handle the fire."

"Not if you're just going to grill another vegetable plate!"

Across from the grill, Sally could see Kathryn standing with her hands folded in front of her chest as she looked timidly back and forth between the two women arguing behind the grill. Jill was sitting at one of the tables, leaning down face first onto the table as though she had just given up completely on the situation.

"P-Please... Its really not a big deal..." Kathryn pleaded "I hardly even noticed..."

"Well of course YOU didn't notice!" Amber scoffed. "You and that other woman hurried off to your rooms less than five minutes after that bitch dragged Sa-"

Her words trailed off as she noticed Sally standing there. She averted her eyes, though her face still expressed more resentment than remorse... "Fine... You know what. If you agree to make us some real food you can cook."

Susan grumbled for a moment before bringing herself to reply "Fine. I'll make you the meatiest lunch you've ever had!"

Amber turned away from Susan and walked back to the picnic tables, sitting back down at her solo table. Kathryn backed away slowly, giving her a lot of room before quickly stumbling back over to the table Jill was laying at.



As for herself... She knew she would be the next victim if she stayed alone... Enslaving anyone else would just make it easier to guess who the villain ultimately was. Besides... She still had to do some investigating or they would never solve this mystery.

She could talk to Amber... Or she could talk to Jill and Kathryn... Normally she would feel uncomfortable interrupting two people already in conversation but... She really didn't want to talk to Amber.

Sally sat down at the table, next to Kathryn and across from Jill, who's face was still obscured. "Um... I-I hope you don't mind... But..."

Slowly, Jill dragged herself up off of the table. She looked... Terrible. Had she even slept? She was so worried, she didn't have time to notice how the others looked during the trial... Maybe she should have paid more attention... Maybe she could have noticed something...

"You want to investigate? I understand..." Jill said slowly.

"Are you okay?" Sally asked, "D-Did you get enough sleep?"

"Not even close..." Jill replied

"I-I'm sorry!" Kathryn squeaked, covering her face. Was she... Blushing? Actually... Amber said something about them going to their rooms too?

"What... Were you two doing yesterday?" Sally forced herself to ask. She had a suspicion and... She really didn't want to hear the answer... But she had to.

"W-Well... After seeing you two go..." Kathryn began slowly, her voice shivering as she spoke.

"We got horny, okay?" Jill said bluntly. "We... Spent all day in my room fucking each other's brains out..."

Sally looked back and forth between Jill and Kathryn. Kathryn didn't seem too bad but Jill looked like she hadn't slept all night. She supposed she had to ask the obvious question...

"S-So... Why are only one of you so... Tired?" Sally asked slowly.

"I-I'm sorry..." Kathryn repeated "Its... Its my fault... I c-couldn't handle so much pleasure and... and... I kind of... Passed out..."

Jill groaned softly "Its not your fault." She said. She sounded as though she had told her that a few times already... "After she passed out I just... Couldn't scratch the itch or fall asleep... But I didn't want to disturb her."

"I wouldn't have minded!" Kathryn squeaked "I-I'm sorry I didn't... S-Satisfy you..."

Sally's heart sank as her mind ran through the possibilities. If they had just been together all day and night, they would be alibis for each other... But... If Kathryn passed out, Jill was unsupervised...

What if Jill had seen her sneak back to her room after making Kathryn pass out? Kathryn would have had no idea... But wait...! If Jill was awake all night, maybe she saw something? Sally opened her mouth to speak, but was interrupted by a scream.

Everyone turned in the direction of the scream at once, looking over to the grill where Susan was now absent. Amber was still at her table at the moment of the scream but was already scrambling over the bench and over towards the grill.

Sally, Kathryn, and Jill as well got up from their seats as quickly as they could, rushing over to get a better look. Behind the grill, Susan was laying on the ground, gripping her forearm with one hand.

“What are you DOING?” Amber shouted down at her, obviously irritated at the sudden dramatics.

“Ah... I-I’m sorry...” Susan gasped, panting as she kept a firm grip on her arm. “I Just... S-Slipped...”

Slowly, she rolled over, pushing herself off of the ground. She had barely lifted herself halfway off the floor before slipping back down and landing on her back. Her hand slipped from her arm, revealing a rather large burn, but she covered it again quickly.

“Do you really need help standing up?” Amber said, skeptically. “It looks like your arm’s hurt not your legs.”

While she spoke though, Kathryn had rounded the corner of the grill and had begun trying to help Susan stand. They had barely stood again before Susan’s legs buckled and her weight dragged the both of them to the floor again.

As the two women impacted the ground, Susan let out another yelp as her hand rubbed against the burn.

“Let go of the burn, idiot!” Amber shouted down at her.

“Its not sanitary!” Susan yelled back up from the ground “I might get dirt in it!”

“You’re going to rub dirt in it if you don’t stop!” Amber shot back.

“What is going on here? Why can’t you stand?” Jill asked, leaning over the grill to where the two women were laying on the ground.

Something seemed... Strange... As Sally watched Susan squirming on the ground, she couldn’t help but remember how painful it was to get burned. Touching it made it so much worse... Why was she doing this to herself? She did know first aid, didn’t she?

Susan averted her eyes, remaining silent to Jill’s question. A moment passed before Jill asked it again, her voice growing more insistent. “Why can’t you stand, Susan?”

Susan’s eyes remained focused on the ground. She panted slowly, as her legs squirmed. “I... Don’t know.” She said between heavy breaths. “I just... Can’t...”

Kathrine slowly stood up from the ground and looked around the outdoor kitchen for a few moments before spotting a bottle of aloe. She grabbed it and crouched back down to where Susan was laying. “Here... This should help...”

Susan remained still for several moments, not moving her hand from the burn.

“Please... We need to apply this now so it can start to heal!” Kathryn insisted, holding the aloe near her arm.

“I thought you said you were certified for first aid.” Amber added harshly, “You should know how to treat a burn.”

Finally, she relented. Slowly, she pulled her hand away and allowed Kathryn to begin applying the aloe to the burn. A few minutes passed before Kathryn jumped back with a gasp.

“Ah?! Wh-What are you doing??” Kathryn cried out in alarm as Susan hastily pulled her hand out from the front of her jeans.

“S-Sorry I... Couldn’t help myself...” Susan replied, averting her eyes and blushing. “Its just... So hot...”

Amber rolled her eyes and scoffed, “Alright, so you got triggered then. Who did it?”

Susan panted slowly, pulling her hand behind her back as though to keep herself from letting it slide back down into her jeans again. “I don’t know... Nobody was around me at all...”

“What... Were you doing just before you... Um... Started feeling this way?” Sally asked, cautiously.

Susan looked up, seeming to think for a moment. “I was just grilling. I put on some bacon and hamburger patties. They were just about ready so I grabbed a piece of bacon to chew on while I looked for the cheese.”

She looked over at the fridge as she continued. “Everything in there is so expensive... I didn’t see any pre-sliced cheese like I normally use so I had to cut up some of the block cheese they had in there. I went to put it on the patties to melt and... I... Slipped...”

“Was... Slipping the trigger?” Kathryn asked timidly.

“Obviously not.” Amber replied, her tone aggressive as usual. “She slipped because of the trigger.”

“So what was it?” Jill asked.

Amber growled, her irritation bubbling up. “Who here has eaten meat since we got here?”

Sally looked around, slowly Kathryn and Jill raised their hands.

“Yeah, that’s what I thought.” Amber said, sounding more frustrated than proud of her discovery. “Janis ate meat, and she dragged Sally off to the bedroom. You two ate meat yesterday and ran off together. Susan and I didn’t. Until today...”

She kicked the side of the counter in frustration. “Whoever set this up was a fucking pervert, obviously. I bet they gave us all triggers to make meat act like an aphrodisiac as a dumb joke!”

“Wait so...” Sally began slowly “Whoever drugged us with the meat is the villain?”

“No. Obviously not.” Amber growled, “Janis cooked the meat yesterday and she was the victim.”

“So that means...” Jill said slowly, backing away from the grill “We can trigger each other accidentally at any time??”

“I thought they said they didn’t want it to be too easy for the villain...” Amber grumbled “They can just wait for us to trigger ourselves and swoop in when nobody’s looking to finish us off!”

“The villain... Knows all our triggers...” Susan panted, still holding her hand behind her back. “They probably knew Janis was alone and under the aphrodisiac suggestion last night...”

“Which means it had to be YOU.” Amber shouted, pointing down at Susan.

“Me?!” Susan yelped, looking up from the ground at Amber, “Y-You didn’t eat meat either! It could be you!”

“Well I KNOW I’m not the villain, so from how I see it, you’re the only one who could.”

“We can’t trust that!” Susan shot back, sitting up on the ground as anger seemed to override her arousal for now. “From MY perspective you’re the only one who could be it, and I’M the one who’s suffering from one of our triggers right now!”

What they were saying wasn’t entirely true... There was one other person it could be... but every time Sally opened her mouth to interject one of them raised their voice again and cut her off. The two of them continued to bicker between each other until Jill finally cut in.

“Look, we can’t accuse anyone until someone gets enslaved, right?” She said from her position sitting on one of the benches at the nearest picnic table. “Lets just... Deal with this first. The villain can’t even take advantage of this, if Susan gets... Finished off... It’ll give away who the villain is immediately right?”

Amber scoffed, refusing to back down from her position. “And what if she’s faking it? She could enslave one of us and then try to blame the trigger.”

“I... Don’t think she would have burned herself on purpose...” Sally said softly “That seems a little... Extreme...”

“She’s trying to enslave us all! That’s already extreme!” Amber shouted in frustration.

“Why don’t we... Just split up?” Kathryn asked timidly.

“Are you stupid?” Amber snapped, turning her attention to Kathryn now. “Why would we do that?!”

“Well... There are five of us left...” She said slowly, “If we put Susan in a hospital room, we could have two of us watch the entrance, and two of us sleep in our rooms.”

Amber rolled her eyes. “I didn’t ask HOW we would split up. I asked WHY we would split up! That’s just making it easier for the villain!”

Before Kathryn could respond, Jill spoke up again. “Oh... I get it. Yeah!”

Amber turned around to Jill, anger flashing on her face. “What are you talking about? This is a horrible idea!”

“You don’t... Know.” Jill said, waving a hand in the air as she struggled to put her thoughts together. “You didn’t eat the meat, you don’t know how overwhelming the... Desire gets...”

Kathryn continued her thought “Susan is going to get... Um... Very wild soon. If we’re all in the room with her... It’ll be chaotic. We won’t be able to watch each other well...”

“But if we split up, the villain won’t be able to take advantage of any of it. The only person she could target would be the one she’s left alone with and... That would be a dead giveaway.”

They argued about the exact placement for some time. Though, Susan’s escalating moans and thrashing soon hurried their discussion. They had decided that they needed to take advantage of their knowledge that Sally was proven innocent in some way...

What they ended up deciding on was that Sally and Jill would stay outside the hospital room. Sally was innocent, and Jill barely seemed capable of staying awake. If she fell asleep, Sally at least wouldn’t take advantage of it.

Amber and Kathryn meanwhile would stay in their own rooms. If either of them came to the hospital, Sally and Jill would see them. If either of them became slaves overnight... The other would have to be the one who did it.

Sally paced back and forth in the hospital’s hallway. It was creepy to be in this kind of setting at night... Jill had set a chair down next to the door to Susan’s room and was struggling to stay awake... She had to wake Jill a few times, and once in a while she was startled into awakening by the sound of Susan’s pleading from the other side of the door.

By two in the morning, Jill was hunched over in her chair, snoring softly, and Sally couldn’t bring herself to wake her up anymore. It didn’t matter that much... She was safer this way anyways... If Jill was the villain, it was safer if she just stayed asleep...

She sighed as she leaned against the door. She looked up at a clock on the wall to see how long they had left until the morning... It was only two... She had a long night ahead of her... and her night last night was long too.

She wasn’t quite as bad as Jill though. She at least was able to pass out herself after Janis had followed her to her room and took her another several rounds... Suddenly, the door behind her opened!

She tried to cry out in alarm as she felt herself falling backwards, but before she could, a hand covered her mouth, and she felt a mound of cotton balls being forced between her lips. Before she knew it, she was inside of the hospital room, pinned against the wall. Then before she could manage to spit the cotton balls out, Susan had begun to wrap a long bandage around her face several times and tied it into a knot.

She frantically looked around the room. The door was closed now, but it looked like the handle had been taken apart. This was bad... This was so bad... She was going to get enslaved and everyone would think Jill did it...

Susan dragged her back to the hospital bed. Susan was already naked herself, and quickly began tearing Sally's clothes open before diving face first onto her pussy. Memories of the night before flooded into her mind as she felt the same sensations washing over her again.

She wanted to scream... Or at least moan... But the cotton balls absorbed every sound she made. It was harder to breathe as well... In between her involuntary convulsions and urge to moan, she found herself growing light headed as she found herself barely able to find time to breathe in...

She didn't know how long she lasted, but eventually, everything seemed to fade into darkness and pleasure...

When she finally came to, she was still laying in the hospital bed. Next to her was Susan, deep asleep and still naked. She raised her hands slowly to her head, feeling the bandages still there, and slowly worked her fingers around them by feel to find the knot so she could undo it.

Suddenly, the voice from the loudspeaker broke their silence.

"Good morning everyone." The voice said calmly. "Once again we have an announcement for you all. The Villain struck again yesterday and another of you have lost."

Sally froze. Was this it? Was she really enslaved this time? She didn't feel enslaved but... Neither had Janis...

"You will all need to report to the meeting room to discuss the fate of your fellow investigator and second victim... Kathryn."

## Chapter 5: The Second Trial

“Of course it’s not me!” Amber shouted, gripping the podium with both hands. “If I was the villain why would I have gone for her? Its a brain dead move!”

“Who else would it be? She didn’t enslave HERSELF!” Susan shot back. Now that it was the new day, it seemed she had regained her senses.

Kathryn looked back and forth between the two women as they argued. Her hands folded across her chest again as she appeared almost ready to pass out. “I-I’m sorry” She stammered “I didn’t mean to get enslaved...”

Jill sighed loudly. “For the last time, it’s not your fault! Stop blaming yourself for everything!”

Sally looked down at her own podium. If only she had been paying more attention... If she had heard Susan taking the door apart she wouldn’t have been so... Distracted last night...

Without her as a witness... It could have been anyone. Maybe Jill woke up and realized she was alone and took the chance to strike. Maybe Susan snuck out after she passed out from the pleasure. Maybe Amber did enslave Kathryn and was hoping it was too obvious for them to vote for...

“We agreed yesterday. If Kathryn was enslaved, it would have to be you.” Susan declared.

“Things were different then!” Amber retorted “We didn’t expect you to break out of your room and go on a rampage!”

“I... Wasn’t in control of myself.” Susan said, looking away. “And it was hardly a rampage... I only fucked Sally...”

“And how DID you manage that?” Amber asked incredulously. “JILL!!! I thought you two were watching each other’s backs!”

Jill looked down at her own podium in shame. “I’m... Sorry.” She said weakly, “I just... Couldn’t stay awake...”

“That was why we put her there...” Kathryn said softly “Because she might fall asleep...”

Amber sighed and shook her head. “I thought she might nod off briefly, I didn’t expect her to spend the whole night on her ass!”

“Sorry...” Sally said, her voice hollow as she looked down. “I... Didn’t wake her up when she fell asleep. I... Thought I’d be safer that way...”

“Why would you think that?” Amber asked, scoffing at the idea. “Jill wasn’t even one of the main suspects!”

“I know but...” Sally sighed, “I was worried... I thought... I would be next...”

“You would make a good target.” Susan admitted, “Since you’re verified innocent, enslaving anyone but you narrows down the suspects a lot.”

Amber spoke next, continuing the thought. “As of now, the only people it could be are Susan and Jill.”

“And you!” Susan snapped, anger returning to her tone in an instant.

“I. Am too. Obvious.” Amber replied sternly. “We already made this mistake with Sally last time. We can’t just pick the easy answer!”

“Its easy for you to say that when you’re the prime suspect.” Jill said, looking up from her podium once more. “Maybe you took advantage of our situation at the hospital to strike.”

“How would I even KNOW you had a situation over there?” Amber demanded.

“Well... With our luck it was bound to happen...” Kathryn said gently, disbelief hanging in her tone.

“You’re the one who suggested the idea!” Amber cried out. “Don’t you tell us it was bound to fail now!”

“I...” Sally began, speaking slowly but deliberately, trying not to let herself lose her nerve. “Don’t think we should go with the easy answer either...”

“Thank you!” Amber said, her tone more exasperated than grateful. “Now can we talk about whether Jill or Susan is more likely?”

Jill and Susan looked at each other. The two of them were in the spotlight now. “I still think it’s-” Susan began, but Amber cut her off.

“I KNOW.” Amber snapped, “We can come back to me after we talk about you two!”

“Fine.” Susan grumbled. “Well... Obviously Jill is the more likely between us.”

“What?!” Jill gasped indignantly, “How am I more suspicious than you? You broke out of your room and attacked Sally!”

“Again...” Susan said, struggling to keep her tone level “I was not in control of myself at the time.”

“That doesn’t really matter, does it?” Jill insisted, “Whether you were in control or out of control, you were able to escape!”

“I didn’t do it.” Susan said between gritted teeth, “All I did was Sally... I couldn’t think anything but her all night...”

Jill paused for a moment. “I... Guess I understand how that feels...”

Kathryn spoke up “B-But Jill was able to stop herself to avoid disturbing me when I passed out... Couldn’t Susan do the same after Sally passed out?”



"If anyone was taking care of MY needs, maybe!" Susan huffed "But you guys left me locked alone in that room all day! I was completely out of my mind!"

"Or so you want us to believe!" Amber said with an accusatory tone, "Maybe you faked the whole thing."

"I-I still think it's a bit extreme for her to have burnt her own arm for this..." Sally said cautiously.

"That just makes it more convincing. For the cost of one little burn, she could have five slaves for life!"

"She didn't need to get burned though..." Kathryn said slowly, "She could have gotten the same point across by just flopping on the ground and... Masturbating..."

"That's what makes it a better ploy!" Amber insisted, "She goes beyond what we expect her to, so we don't question it!"

"You're just grasping at straws." Susan replied, "Why are you so afraid to be voted for anyway? Sally was voted for and nothing happened to her. If you are innocent, us voting for you would prove it, right?"

"We can't waste our time figuring out who ISN'T the villain!" Amber growled "We only have, what? One or two more rounds before its over?"

"What about Jill?" Sally found herself asking. "We still haven't discussed her."

"There's not much to discuss." Susan said, folding her arms as she spoke. "If she's innocent, she slept through everything, and if she's the villain, she snuck off to get Kathryn as soon as she noticed you were gone..."

"That makes her just as likely as me!" Amber snapped, "More likely, actually!"

"How am I more likely than you?!" Jill asked, suddenly taken aback by Amber's accusation.

"I had no idea what was happening over at the hospital." Amber explained, "But if you were the villain, you would know you had the perfect opportunity to sneak over to the houses."

"I was asleep!" Jill objected, shaking her hands in front of her face in frustration "I didn't know anything was going on anywhere!"

"You could have woke up when Sally was grabbed." Amber insisted "She couldn't have been that quiet about it."

"I... I tried to cry out... But she stuffed my mouth with cotton balls." Sally said softly "I could barely make a sound..."

"You could have knocked something over. Kicked? Thrashed about?" Amber suggested.

"I... It just... Didn't occur to me..." Sally said, looking down again. "Sorry... I just froze up as soon as she grabbed me..."

Amber let out a frustrated sigh, “This game would be so much easier to win if any of you were halfway competent...”

“You haven’t been a team player yourself!” Susan pointed out, “You’re the only one who’s been staying away from everyone else this whole time.”

“You think I’m it because I HAVEN’T been going after any of you? What sense does that make?”

Suddenly, the television at the center of the room flicked on. The figure loomed over them all, and as soon as everyone fell quiet, they began to speak.

“I think this has gone on long enough.”

“But we haven’t decided yet!” Amber cried out.

“You’ve begun to debate in circles.” The figure said, “I think everything that can be said has been. Now, all that is left is for you to make up your minds and vote.”

Sally looked down at the podium as the buttons lit up. It was time for her to decide... Who did it? She didn’t think it was Amber. It was... Too much like her own situation. It was too obvious... Right?

Between Susan and Jill... Susan could have enslaved her last night and blamed it on Jill... But she didn’t. She was a more valuable target than Kathryn too...

If it was anyone... It must be Jill... As much as she didn’t want to believe it. She pressed the button for Jill and waited...

Several moments passed before the figure spoke. “All the votes have been submitted.”

There was a brief pause, then the figure continued. “Unfortunately, as the result of the vote was a tie, no one has been formally accused in this trial.”

“What?!” Amber snapped “How the hell did we get a tie?! There’s an odd number of us!”

“I... I don’t know...” Kathryn said, panic rising in her voice “I voted for Susan.”

“I voted for Amber.” Susan said in reply.

“Yeah well I voted for you!” Amber shot back without pause.

“I voted for Amber...” Jill said.

“Sorry... I voted for Jill...” Sally concluded. Two votes for Amber... Two for Susan... “I chose wrong...”

“I-It’s... Okay...” Kathryn said, her voice conflicted as she spoke. “Y-You’ll get her... Next time... Right? I’ll be... Okay... If you just...”

She slowly slid down to her knees even as she spoke. Just like Janis, it seemed her mind was draining out of her. She spent several moments struggling visibly to finish her thought as her world crumbled around her. Finally, she spoke her last word... "Win."

Her eyes closed and she let out a long sigh. When she opened her eyes again, she was gone. There was no sign of activity behind her empty stare... And... Was she... Smiling? She seemed strangely content like this...

Sally shuddered for a moment. That could have been her fate two nights in a row... How did she manage to keep getting caught by everyone but the villain? She might have lucked out these last two nights but now...

She turned away from Kathryn and watched as the other three women each walked towards the exit. Every one of them could have done this to Janis and Kathryn... Sally folded her arms in a sort of self-hug... She had no one left she could trust anymore... Could she really handle this...?

## Chapter 6: Confusion

“I say we lock her in her room, throw as much stuff behind the door as we can, and nobody can touch her.” Amber declared.

“She still needs to eat.” Jill said, “And drink... What’s she going to do, drink out of the bathroom faucet?”

“This place is so... Expensive, their bathrooms are nicer than my kitchen.” Amber said dismissively, “She’ll be fine.”

“And what if she isn’t?” Susan asked skeptically “What if there are secret passages the villain can use? Or what if the villain can knock on the window with Morse code to activate a trigger?”

“I... Don’t know! But we absolutely can’t let her get enslaved!” Amber shouted “If we lose her, this trial will be our last one!”

“How... Do you figure that?” Jill asked curiously.

“Think about it!” Amber scoffed “If Sally gets enslaved, and we don’t figure out who did it that leaves just the three of us. The villain could enslave either of the other two of us in plain fucking sight and order their slave to vote with her in the trial!”

“Is... That allowed?” Susan asked, “Why haven’t they done it before?”

“Maybe they have!” Amber snapped “Who did Kathryn vote for again?”

“She voted for me.” Susan replied; Amber seemed disappointed to be reminded of that.

“Okay fine. Well... Who did Janis vote for?”

The four of them sat in silence for a few moments as the realization dawned on them... They never shared their votes from the first trial.

Amber sighed in frustration. “Sally got four votes. So the only ones who didn’t vote for her would have been... Sally herself, and... Probably Janis. She could have voted for anyone...”

There was a long pause before Amber spoke again, “Well... Regardless we NEED the villain to go for literally anyone but Sally.”

“How does that make a difference?” Jill asked, “We’d still be left with only three people next round and we’d have the same problem.”

“Because!” Amber declared “If she enslaves you, then I’ll know it’s Susan. And if she enslaves Susan, I’ll know it’s you!”

“What if she enslaves you?” Susan asked. “Do you have a plan for if you AREN’T the last one standing, or do you just assume this all revolves around you?”

“The same logic works!” Amber scoffed “If any of US are the victim, then it’s a one on one, with Sally able to break the tie. Otherwise... We’re fucked!”

“Breaking... A tie...” Sally said softly to herself.

“Got something to say?” Amber said, glancing over to Sally.

“Oh! Um...” She had noticed something but she wasn’t quite ready to say it. Now that everyone was looking at her though...

“W-Well... Its just...” Sally looked down at the picnic table as she tried to put her thought together, “There are four of us and if the villain can control the victim’s vote... She can force another tie...”

“DAMN IT!!!” Amber shouted, slamming her fist on the table. “So what? We already lost?! We’re just waiting out the villain picking us all off one by one now?”

“I mean... It was just a theory.” Susan suggested, “Maybe the villain can make the victim lie during the trial but can’t choose their votes for them?”

“It would make sense.” Jill said, nodding along. “That shadowy person did say they wanted this to be interesting and if the last two rounds are foregone conclusions, would that even be fun to watch?”

Amber stood up, slamming both of her hands on the table as she did. “Fine! We’ll ask them ourselves!”

“I-Is that a good idea??” Sally stammered “We don’t want to make them mad...”

“I’m not wasting my time waiting to become a slave!” Amber shouted. “If we can’t win, lets just get it over with now!”

“B-But I don’t want to be enslaved!” Sally squeaked frantically, “I-It can’t be over yet! W-We can still win somehow! We have to-”

“Calm your tits!” Some voice said sharply. Then...

Amber stumbled... Something... Didn’t seem right. Her breasts... Felt... Heavy. Her arms buckled and she fell onto the table tits first. She tried to lift herself but they were... Impossibly heavy... The best she could do was raise her head, but already her vision was fading. She could see Sally... Her head and shoulders were on the floor and her legs were still on the bench...

She saw... Someone... At the far end of the table, laying face first on the...

Everything faded to black.

When Amber came to, she was sitting on the floor. The first thing she noticed as her eyes came into focus was her bare feet, then her legs... She... Was completely naked...

The second thing she noticed was the sound of that familiar distasteful voice over the speakers. “Good morning everyone.” It spoke “You all should know what this announcement means. Yes, the villain struck again last night, and another one of you have lost.”

She couldn't believe it... They didn't even have a chance to make a plan this time...

"You will all report to the meeting room where you will discuss the fate of your fellow investigator, and third victim... Sally."

Of course! Of fucking course it would be her! The ONE person she didn't want to be the victim this time around...

With a groan, Amber lifted herself off the floor of the bedroom. Why was she left here when her bed was right there? The villain probably did this to annoy her... She then noticed something else... The wardrobe was empty.

This couldn't be happening... Did she really have to go to the trial naked? She looked around the room and after a few moments of consideration, she pulled the blanket off the bed, folding it a few times before wrapping it around her body. It would serve as a shoulder-less dress well enough, as long as she kept a grip on it...

Slowly, she walked outside and down the path to the meeting hall. On the way, she noticed Sally, Susan, and Jill making their way as well... All naked too. The villain was willing to join in on this mockery? What even happened yesterday...

The women all filed into the meeting room and found their way to their podiums. Once there, Amber had to ask...

"Really? Not one of you thought to bring a blanket?"

The other three women exchanged glances before looking back at her.

"What are you talking about?" Jill asked.

"Yeah... And why are you naked?" Susan added.

"Why am I...? YOU are all naked!" Amber shot back. "I'm the only one among us who bothered to cover up!"

The other women exchanged worried glances again before looking back at Amber.

"You're... The only one here who's naked." Susan said slowly.

"And... You don't have a blanket on." Jill added. "You are holding your arms like you do though."

Were they serious? If it was just one of them, or if it was the victim and one of them, she would think they were messing with her. But... One of them had to be innocent so... It must be what they saw...

"I woke up naked... And my wardrobe was empty. But... You all look naked to me!"

"I guess this is to be expected." Susan said softly.

“Yeah...” Jill nodded along “I mean... You have been pretty abrasive, I guess the villain wanted to get back at you.”

Amber groaned and leaned against the podium. This day was already off to a dreadful start... First the villain managed to get her hands on Sally, and now this...

Could she at least get her answer now? “Fine... But first. I NEED the rules question answered.” She glared up at the TV “You said the victim’s mind is their own during the trial, can they vote freely or does the villain control their vote? Have we already lost??”

The TV remained blank for a few moments before flickering on. The figure looming over them as it spoke. “Welcome everyone. Today we will be discussing the fate-”

“I asked you a question!” Amber shouted, slamming a hand on the podium. “Have we lost or not?”

The figure on the screen paused for a moment before responding, “You have not.” It said, then continued “As I said before, we made considerations for the possibility of the villain winning via overwhelming the voting system with their slaves. The Villain may alter the victim’s perception, or compel them to lie during the trial, but each of you will decide on your own which button to press at the end.”

“Fine... At least we haven’t lost yet. I guess... We’ll have to start somewhere...” Amber said slowly. “Someone said that trigger phrase that knocked us all out. Who was it?”

Again the three women looked at each other in bewilderment.

“Didn’t you say it?” Jill said quizzically.

“That’s what I thought too. You were telling Sally to calm down.” Susan said in agreement.

“What...? I don’t remember... Saying...” She struggled to recall that moment. Sally was trying to stop her from going to get that answer, and was starting to panic about ending the game early... Did she say the trigger phrase by accident? It... Wasn’t entirely out of the realm of things she would normally say...

“I’m a slut.” Sally’s voice spoke, cutting into Amber’s thoughts.

Quickly, Amber looked over to Sally, watching as she gestured towards Amber and continued speaking in that same irritatingly slow way she always did... Except now all she said was... “I’m... A slut. I’m a slut I’m a slut. I’m...” She paused as though she was trying to think of something then continued “I’m a... Slut.”

“SHUT! UP!” Amber shouted over her. She had heard more than enough of this by now... “We get it, you can’t talk!”

Susan shook her head “That’s going to make this harder...”

“No kidding...” Amber replied, “Now the victim can’t even tell us her side of this story...”

Once again the three other women exchanged glances before looking back to her.

“No...” Amber said, frustration bubbling in her voice “No! Do not give me that look!”

Susan spoke first out of the three of them, “Amber... You were the victim!”



## Chapter 7: Revelations

“Geez... You really loaded her up with false perceptions.” Jill said, shaking her head. “She must have really pissed you off.”

“I think you mean YOU loaded her up with false perceptions.” Susan replied, glancing sideways towards Jill.

“I think you can drop the facade.” Jill said back, shaking her head. “I know it’s you. Sally is innocent and Amber is the victim. You’re the only one left.”

“Of course she isn’t going to drop the facade!” Amber growled, “You’re going to vote for her, she’s going to vote for you. What’s going to make the difference is who Amber and I vote for and we don’t know yet!”

“I... I’m a slut...?” Sally said, looking quizzically at Amber.

“Is this really going to be a thing all trial?” Amber sighed “I do not want to hear her repeating that she’s a slut all trial long.”

“I’m a slut?!” Sally replied, startled.

“Is that what you’ve been hearing?” Susan asked, “She’s been speaking normally this entire time.”

“Amber, please...” Jill said in an urgent tone “Your perception’s been altered! You can’t trust anything you see or hear!”

“Then how the hell am I supposed to participate in this damn trial?!” Amber shouted “For all I know you two could be saying completely different things too!”

“Lets put that to the test.” Susan suggested, “Repeat after me. I’m Amber and I’m sorry for being a jerk to everyone this entire trip.”

“I’m not saying that!” Amber growled

“Yeah, she definitely understood me.” Susan said, shaking her head.

“Could you be serious?” Jill replied “Give her something she’s actually willing to repeat!”

“Fine!” Susan relented, “Repeat after me. I’m in it to win it and I’ll take this trial seriously.”

“I’m in it to win it, and I’ll take this trial seriously. Is that right?” Amber said, rolling her eyes.

“Yeah, that’s what I heard.” Jill said “Now, repeat after me. I’ll try to be self aware about these perception changes.”

“I’ll try to be self aware about these perception changes.” Amber growled “Its not my fault, you know...”

“We know.” Susan replied “Also yes, you repeated it correctly.”

“So... What have I got so far? I’m naked and think I’m wearing a blanket. I see all of you naked. I misheard the announcement earlier. I hear Amber calling herself a slut instead of whatever she’s saying. Is there anything ELSE I should be aware of?” Amber said, her irritation growing as she listed each way her head was fucked with.

“I-I’m a slut...” Sally said, softly.

“Yeah... There is that.” Jill said, nodding.

“She’s got Sally all mixed up, it sounds like.” Susan agreed.

“I’m a slut...” Sally said softly, looking down.

“You know what?” Amber said, frustration in her voice, “Fuck it. Lets go. Lets vote now.”

“I’m a slut?!” Sally said, jumping slightly at Amber’s abrupt suggestion.

“Why?!” Susan demanded “We haven’t even tried to solve who did this!”

“Because the villain fucked up.” Amber replied. “She took me instead of Amber, so now if we vote for one of you, it’ll prove who the villain is either way.”

“Would that... Work?” Jill asked, disbelief hanging in her voice.

“If we leave it up to a discussion some of these fucking perception changes might cause me to choose wrong.” Amber said firmly “I say we take the 50% chance this time. If we’re right, we win. If not, we win next time.”

“I... Guess we’ll need to decide who we are all voting f-” Susan began before being cut off again by Amber.

“I’ll decide. My perception’s fucked, who knows if I’ll hear the rest of you say the wrong name! We’re voting for Jill. End of discussion.”

As soon as she spoke, the screen flicked on. “It seems you’ve made your decision. Please press the button for who you would like to vote for.”

Amber looked down. This was it... A fifty percent shot. She was about to become rich, or a slave. She pressed the button and waited...

A few moments later, the figure on the screen spoke “All votes have been submitted. Unfortunately, as the result was a tie, no one was formally accused in this trial.”

“What the hell?! Who didn’t vote with the group?!” Amber shouted, slamming her hand down on the podium.

“I voted for myself like you said!” Jill replied

“Yeah, I voted for her too.” Susan added.

“I’m a slut!” Sally said, gesturing towards Jill.

What... Was going on now...? They thought she said Jill? She said Susan! She said it clear as day!

“Fuck! FUCK FUCK FUCK!!!” Amber shouted, slamming her hand repeatedly down on the podium “I said Jill! I said fucking... I said...” She could feel her thoughts escaping her even as she threw her tantrum. It wasn’t fair... She... She was cheated somehow...

“Its not...” She stammered, falling back from the podium as she felt her balance failing. She landed hard on the floor, looking up as the other three women approached her. Two of them had looks of concern on their faces... The third seemed to be smirking...

“Its...” She struggled to get any words out, to think any words... “F-Fair...” and then... All she saw were three unrecognizable... Things... Standing over her and... Her owner looking at her on the screen above. The game was over. For her at least... Not that she cared.

She let out a calm sigh and laid back on the floor... Happy for the first time in days...

“S... So what now...?” Sally asked, looking up from Amber who was now vacantly staring up at the ceiling with a wide dumb smile on her face. “Who was it?”

“Obviously it was her!” Jill said, pointing at Susan. “She voted for herself and tricked Amber into telling us the wrong name!”

“That’s bullshit! How was I supposed to know she would demand to vote like that?! You’re the one who set this up!” Susan yelled back.

“Well how was I supposed to know either?” Jill replied “She just went for it out of nowhere!”

“I’ve had enough.” Sally said softly, as the other two women turned towards her. “I’m done...”

The two other women paused for a while, eventually Jill managed to speak up. “What are you saying? We can’t exit the game until it’s done. We were told that at the start.”

“I know.” Sally said softly “I’m going to my room. Whoever the villain is just... Come and take me.”

“But... Why would they-” Susan began but Sally already began to walk off.

Over her shoulder she said out loud to the two of them “Because... If you enslave anyone but me, I’ll win.”

Sally walked down the path, past the grill, and down the line of buildings that made up their bedrooms. She opened the door to her room and entered, gently swinging it shut behind her as she approached her bed and threw herself down on it face first.

She couldn't believe what she was doing... She'd never taken the lead like that before... Even if it was in her usual passive way. She knew... She was just too passive... Too timid... Too... Weak... If Jill or Susan got enslaved and had their perceptions changed... She would never be able to help them overcome it alone. She failed to warn them about Amber saying the wrong names... She failed to tell them so much...

But... Maybe if she was the one... They would still have a chance. It was several minutes before the door opened behind her. A voice she couldn't seem to recognize spoke.

"Alright, slave." It said "You asked for this..."

Sally rolled over and looked up at... H-Her Mistress... She... Couldn't quite... Understand it...

She couldn't see her hair color... Her eye color... All she saw was... M-Mistress...

"We're just about at the finale now, aren't we, slave?" Her all powerful Mistress said softly as she closed the door behind her and walked into the room fully.

Sally scrambled off the bed and onto the floor where she belonged. Looking up at her Mistress with adoration for a moment before realizing... She was still dressed! No! That wasn't right!

Hastily, she pulled at her sweater, yanking it over her head, then pulling her jeans down and off of herself. She blushed as she looked up at her Mistress "S-Sorry, its just..."

Her Mistress smirked, looking down at the little slave beneath her. "You've been quite the naughty girl, haven't you?"

"Ah! I... I'm sorry, Mistress!" Sally squeaked.

"Get on the bed. Now."

Sally's heart pounded as she received her order. She jumped from her spot on the floor and scrambled back onto the bed again, crawling the full way onto it before rolling over and presenting her naked body sprawled out the way that a slave should.

"D-Does my body please you... Mistress...?" She stammered.

"Your body does." She replied, stepping closer to the bed as she slowly began to disrobe. Revealing more of her glorious body to Sally. She could hardly stand the joy of seeing her Mistress in her full naked splendor...

"I-I am glad..." Sally began before her Mistress cut her off.

"That little mind of yours though... I think I've had enough of."

"I'm sorry!" She cried out. She had upset her Mistress somehow... What did she do wrong? What... What could she do to make it right? "Y-You can change it! I-I don't mind!"

Her heart pounded. It wasn't good enough. Her mistress didn't like her mind. Changing it wasn't enough. "Break it! Y-You can break it! Destroy me! Reduce me to a mindless husk and win the game!"

"Oh... That would be letting you off easy... Wouldn't it."

Sally couldn't understand what her Mistress meant but she didn't care. If her Mistress felt this way... It was right.

Mistress crawled over Sally's body, their bodies pressing together sensually with every inch. Her lips and Sally's touched for a brief moment, then she raised her body up again, drawing her legs forward and letting her pussy hover just over Sally's face.

"You thought you could outsmart me by doing this little... Play of yours. Didn't you." Her mistress said. Now she remembered what she did wrong...

"Y-Yes..." She admitted "I... I thought if you took me... The other investigator would beat you..."

Her mistress let out a slow chuckle as she lowered herself down, her pussy's lips steadily approaching Sally's. "Well... We'll just see about that. Won't we."

The flavor of her Mistress's folds... It was heaven... It was all she could ever hope for...

Then... Sally found herself waking up in her bed the next morning. The wonderful scent of her Mistress still hanging on her. She breathed deeply, and sighed contentedly... Then...

"Good morning everyone. Once again, the Villain struck yesterday and one of you have lost."

Right... They were still playing the game...

"You are all to go to the meeting room to discuss the fate of your fellow investigator and fourth victim... Sally."

She let out a sigh. No more fake outs. This time was the real deal. She actually was enslaved this time. Now... She just had to hope for the best...

## Chapter 8: The Final Showdown

“So... What’s the plan?” Susan said, starting off the trial. “You... Did have a plan, right Sally?”

“Yeah... There’s a reason you had Susan come enslave you last night without resisting, right?”

“She let YOU enslave her.” Susan corrected. “Regardless, you did have a plan didn’t you?”

“W-Well it’s just...” Sally said softly, though Jill cut her off.

“Out with it! What’s the plan here?”

“I-I’m sorry!” Sally yelped, “I just... I thought... She would use perception alteration on the victim again...”

“Seems logical.” Susan answered.

“Yeah, Susan probably would.” Jill agreed.

“W-Well... If she does...” Sally said slowly “If one of you were the victim... I’d... I wouldn’t tell you when you said something wrong...”

She slumped down over her podium as she continued “I keep... Doing that. I’ve... I kept quiet on... So many things... ‘Cause I’m just not... Bold enough...”

“Wait... That’s what your plan was?” Susan asked incredulously. “You chose to get enslaved to avoid having to speak up?!”

“Yees...” Sally groaned, sliding down onto the podium completely, letting it support her entire body weight. She wanted to just flop onto the floor and disappear now. Both of them were staring at her now and she could feel their frustration...

“So... Did she change anything?” Jill asked.

Sally thought for a moment. She didn’t seem to be noticing anything as strange as what Amber seemed to experience. “I... I don’t know.” She said slowly “She let me remember her visit last night... But I couldn’t see what hair color she had or eye color, or... Anything really.”

“She could have just let you remember nothing.” Jill said, pondering “But she just made herself anonymous? She could have just chosen to look like me and make you vote wrong.”

Sally shook her head. “No... If she did that I’d vote for the opposite of who I remembered. Just in case...”

“So she could have appeared as herself before you and used reverse psychology on you.”

“I... Guess?” Sally said, not sounding convinced “This is harder than I thought...”

“Well, you tried to get out of responsibility by becoming the victim but... Now figuring this whole mystery out is all on you.” Jill said, almost sounding amused...

“I knooow...” Sally said. If she could sink any lower on her podium, she would.

“Well, do you have any ideas?” Susan asked, “Or should we just call the vote now?”

“I don’t...” Sally began... Then paused for a moment. “I... I have an... Idea but...”

“What? What is it?” Jill asked, perking up.

“Its embarrassing...” Sally slumped further down somehow. She mumbled the rest of her reply through her arms folded over her face. “I could... Mmm... Hm...”

“I’m sorry...” Susan said “I couldn’t hear that.

“Me either...” Jill added.

“I...” Sally said, she couldn’t even believe this... “I-I could sniff your pussies!”

“...What?” Susan asked, bewildered. “That’s... A-Absurd, why would you even think that?!”

“Its just... She had me eat her out last night...” Sally admitted, blushing heavily “And... I-I could still smell it this morning...”

She lowered her gaze to the floor “I just thought... Maybe I could... Maybe she wouldn’t think to...”

“Fine.” Jill said, walking towards Sally’s podium. “I’ll let you... Smell it.”

She couldn’t believe she was doing this... Jill pulled her skirt down and stood there for Sally to... Inspect. She knelt down, and pressed her nose to her pussy and sniffed... It... Smelled like a pussy. Was this a bad idea? She wasn’t an expert on pussies... She was being dumb to even think that this would work...

“I... Okay.” She said. “N-Now... Um... Susan...?” she said timidly, backing away from Jill as she pulled her dress up.

“Do I seriously have to participate in this perverted nonsense?” Susan asked.

“You already ate her out for hours the other night.” Jill said “Its too late to be weird about it now.”

“Aha!” Susan said, pointing at Jill “You admitted it! You wouldn’t know how long I was eating her out if you really slept through it!”

“It was your OWN story!” Jill called back “Now stop stalling and get your pussy over here!”

“Fine.” Susan said reluctantly, walking over to Sally’s podium, unbuttoning her jeans and pulling them and her panties down. “Alright. Go ahead, pervert.”

“I-I don’t WANT to sniff it!” Sally objected “I just... Its the only way...”

“Stop giving her a hard time.” Jill scolded.

Sally leaned forward, sniffing at Susan’s pussy... It... It smelled so... Wonderful... That... That was the scent she woke up to! She knew it had to be!

“Its you!” Sally said, looking up at Susan “You’re the villain!”

Susan turned away quickly, pulling her jeans and panties back up as she shuffled back to her podium. “N-No! I’m not! She obviously reversed what our pussies smell like!”

“I... Don’t think so...” Sally said meekly.

“Why not?!” Susan demanded.

“Because...” She paused for a moment, closing her eyes “I-I’m too shy. She... She probably never expected me to suggest it...”

“Well if you’ve made up your mind, I think it’s time to vote.” Jill said “No sense arguing with her now.”

“I-I guess so...” Sally agreed.

The television flicked on one more time. “Very well. The buttons are activated. Make your final selection.”

Sally looked down at the podium. It was the moment of truth. Maybe Susan was right... Maybe she really was made to do this and she was walking right into a trap... But... She couldn’t back down now. She couldn’t let herself be too timid to put her foot down anymore.

She looked down and...

Something was wrong...

Every button looked exactly the same. Sally looked up at the other two and saw them both pressing a button on their consoles. She opened her mouth to say something, but her words caught in her throat. She... She couldn’t say anything...

She tried to raise her hand to signal to them but... Again... she couldn’t... Do it. She... Couldn’t communicate with them. Somehow... She knew deep down she wasn’t allowed to...

Which button was Susan’s? She hadn’t voted for Susan before... She knew where Jill’s was... She knew where Amber’s was as well... That left her with... A one in four chance of choosing the right one!

The voice on the television spoke “One vote remains. Please make your decision promptly.”



The two women looked over at her. Jill must have been confused at her sudden delay but... She had no way to tell her what was happening... She looked down at the buttons again. All she could do was... Press one...

As her finger touched the button, her vision seemed to clear. The faces on the buttons re-emerged and under her finger... Was Janis.

“Noooo...” Sally moaned, looking up as she saw Susan grinning openly at her now.

“All votes have been submitted.” The figure on the screen said “Unfortunately, as the results were a tie, no one has been formally accused.”

“What?!” Jill stammered, looking back and forth between Sally and Susan frantically “No that’s not possible! How was it a tie?!”

“I-I’m sorry...” Sally said softly, slowly sinking down to her hands and knees, looking down at the floor. “I... I messed up... Again...”

She could feel what she imagined all the others felt... Her mind slowly beginning to fade. Her thoughts... They were so hard to keep a hold of...

Somewhere she could hear some voices...

“Now that that’s done. There’s no point putting it off any longer, is there... Slave?”

“Ah...?!” Jill’s voice sounded alarmed at first... But then... “Y-Yes, Mistress...”

And then... Everything faded to black...

Janis stood at attention. Her chest puffed out as she half held a breath to make her breasts seem slightly larger than their already ample size. The Mistress walked past her, looking her up and down with a judgmental look in her eye, then she moved down the row.

Janis didn’t turn her head or even glance sideways to the other women she knew were standing alongside her.

They had all lost. She didn’t know what happened after that first trial but... It was self evident that the Mistress had won, and they had all lost. She... wasn’t bothered by it though. She just... Hoped the Mistress would... Accept her.

“Well, of course I’m taking you.” The Mistress’s voice sounded from somewhere to Janis’s left side. “That attitude of yours still needs some adjustment.”

“And you.” She continued “Still think you’re clever?”

“N-No Mistress! I-I’m not clever!” Sally’s voice stammered.

“Hmph... Good.” The Mistress said firmly. “Now... I think I’ll keep you all then.”

As she said that, Janis heard the sound of a door opening somewhere in the room. Again, however, she refused to avert her gaze to look for it. She was a good Slave. She would stare straight forward for as long as she was told to stay at attention.

A cheerful feminine voice spoke, one Janis didn't seem to remember from the group but... It felt so... Powerful...

"Congrats on the victory!" She said, "You really cut it close at the end there!"

"Thank you, Mistress." The Mistress said, a polite tone in her voice.

"Our owner quite enjoyed the show. Enjoy your prizes! They're all yours until the next game!"

"Thank you Mistress. And thank our Owner as well. I am glad my performance pleased them."

"Of course!" The woman said, giggling for a moment before continuing. "We might need to tweak the rules a little bit more for the next one but I think it went well!"

The Mistress's voice lowered slightly "This time was... Pretty close. I'm glad I did not fail our first contest. I do not wish to disappoint you."

"And you didn't!" The woman said cheerfully "In fact, I enjoyed not knowing if you would win until the very last second!"

"Thank you, Mistress."

"Well... I have to go. We have a lot of girls to take care of, after all... Have fun!" and with that, the strange person left the room, and Janis heard the sound of the door opening and closing again. They were alone with the Mistress once more.

"Alright, slaves." The Mistress said after they were finally alone. "I've got at least a couple months to enjoy this, so I want to make the most of it! Follow me to your new lives!"

With that, Janis turned towards the Mistress and followed behind her as she commanded... It might not be her place to have such an opinion... But... She was looking forward to this too...

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Thanks for reading. This is my first attempt at a mystery, so I'm sure there are some questions that might be lingering at the end. I did my best to think of the things that seemed the most likely to be asked, and made a quick Q&A.

Q. Why didn't any of the girls know each other? Is this an alternate continuity?

A. They were all given a suggestion not to remember the other participants.

Q. Why did the mysterious figure insist on having consent from the participants if they were slaves to them in the first place?

A. Mostly to raise suspicion. Nobody could claim to be entirely innocent in this situation if they had agreed to play this game while knowing what the stakes were.

Q. Why did Susan avoid cooking meat the first day?

A. She knew about the meat trigger, and had no plan at the time for how she would play off being the only one unaffected, or the only one not eating meat without raising suspicion. Once Janis insisted, she took the excuse that she had finished cooking to avoid joining in eating the sausages.

Q. How was Janis enslaved?

A. Susan was waiting for someone to be alone and vulnerable. When she saw Sally leaving Janis's room, she knew Janis had to have fallen unconscious. She entered Janis's room, enslaved her, then ordered her to go to Sally's room so they would still be together in the morning.

Q. Why did Susan burn herself?

A. As the villain she is immune to the triggers that affect everyone else. The pain of the burn allowed her to pretend to be under the trigger's influence without raising suspicion if her acting was poor.

Q. Why did Susan go after Kathryn rather than taking Sally and blaming it on Jill?

A. While that would have worked in that trial, finding Jill innocent would have left Susan as the only possible candidate for villain since Amber was not in the hospital, which would have lead to her defeat in the long term.

Q. Why did Susan enslave Amber rather than Sally?

A. She wanted a chance to get back at Amber before the game ended, and didn't know if she would get another chance to have a free pick of any victim she wanted again. She made this decision more emotionally than logically.

Q. What are the exact suggestions Amber had in her during her trial?

A: She was unable to perceive clothing. She would mishear the morning announcement as Sally. She was not allowed to cover up, and was made unaware of that suggestion. She would speak the wrong names when talking. Lastly, she would hear anything Sally said as "I am a slut".

Q. How did Susan predict Amber cutting her trial short so she could use the name suggestion?

A. She did not. Her plan was to take advantage of the fact that Amber could not understand anything said by the only person confirmed to be innocent. Amber almost short circuited the plan; but in her rush, she inadvertently caused Jill to miss the possibility that she might say names other than Sally's wrong as well. (Sally suspected it but was too timid to press the issue)

Q. Why didn't Susan erase Sally's memory of the night before the last trial completely?

A. She wanted Sally to remember being enslaved and mocked the night before, to rub in that Sally's plan was a failure. She made Sally unable to remember what she looked like; but failed to account for smell.

Q. If Sally's choice at the end was obscured by a suggestion, why did Susan participate in the final trial at all?

A. Susan did not want to take a 1/6 chance to lose. Her final suggestion was conditional. If Sally wanted to choose Jill she would have seen the buttons as normal, and if Sally wanted to choose Susan she would be unable to see any difference between the buttons. Sally narrowed it down to a 1/4 chance by remembering the buttons she pressed in previous trials but luck was not on her side in the end.

Q. Why did the winner come down to luck?

A. I thought it would be more fun that way; Sally could solve the mystery successfully, but they could still have the ending where everyone ends up enslaved. Its probably debatable who really won; Sally did ultimately come up with a plan to solve the mystery, but Susan stacking the odds in her favor was part of her own plan, and it did work out for her.

Finally, here are the clues I had included for why it would have been Susan. Feel free to yell at me if my clues were not good enough or did not track as well as I thought. You can join my discord to talk with me any time at this link: <https://discord.gg/WyMCjGX>

1. Susan tried to make an excuse to be "last one standing" in the introduction.
2. Susan mentioned Janis being alone after the first trial; but everyone believing Sally and Janis had spent the entire night together was why they voted for Sally. Only the villain would know different.
3. Susan mishandled the burn, even though as fire chief she should know better than anyone how to deal with one.
4. Susan asked why slaves wouldn't be able to stay in the game; only the villain would benefit from that.
5. Amber was fucked with by the villain as revenge; while she was generally abrasive to everyone, she had the most heated arguments with Susan.
6. During Amber's trial, Jill was trying to caution Amber about the perception changes, while Susan was giving her a hard time over them.